

E L E G Y

WRITTEN AT THE

HOT-WELLS,
BRISTOL.

[Price 1s.]

THE GUY

WRITTEN AT THE

HOT-WEELS

BRISTOL

1801

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E L E G Y

WRITTEN AT THE

H O T - W E L L S,

B R I S T O L.

ADDRESSED TO THE

REV^d. WILLIAM HOWLEY.

R *all*

Ibi hæc incondita secum
Montibus et filvis studio jactabat inani. VIRG.

BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL;

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H O T W E L L

B R I T O L

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R E V D WILLIAM HOWE

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BATH TRINITY



CHURCH OF BATH TRINITY AND ST. ANDREW'S

1864



E L E G Y

WRITTEN AT THE

HOT-WELLS, BRISTOL.

THE morning wakes in shadowy mantle grey,
The darksome woods their glimmering skirts unfold;
Prone from the cliff the falcon wheels her way,
And long and loud the bell's slow chime is toll'd.

Now gains the struggling light upon the skies,
And far away the glist'ning vapours fail;
Down the rough steep the accustom'd hedger hies,
And the stream winds in brightness through the vale!

B

How

How beauteous the pale rocks above the shore
 Uplift their bleak and furrow'd aspect high;
 How proudly desolate their foreheads hoar,
 That meet the earliest sunbeam of the sky!

Bound to yon dusky mart, with pennants gay
 The tall bark, on the winding water's line,
 Betwixt the riven cliffs plies her hard way,
 And peering on the fight the white sails shine.

Alas! for those by drooping sickness worn,
 Who now come forth to meet the glad some ray;
 And feel the fragrance of the tepid morn
 Round their torn breast and throbbing temples play!

Perhaps they muse with a desponding sigh
 On the cold vault that shall their bones inurn;
 Whilst every breeze seems, as it whispers by,
 To breathe of comfort never to return.

Yet

Yet oft, as sadly-thronging dreams arise,
 Awhile forgetful of their pain they gaze;
 A transient lustre lights their faded eyes,
 And o'er their cheek the tender hectic strays.

The purple morn that paints with sidelong gleam
 The cliff's tall crest, the waving woods that ring
 With charm of birds rejoicing in the beam,
 Touch soft the wakeful nerve's according string.

Then at fond memory's sad and silent hour,
 A thousand wishes steal upon the heart;
 And, whilst they meekly bend to Heaven's high power,
 Ah! think 'tis hard, 'tis surely hard to part—

To part from every hope that brought delight,
 From those that lov'd them, those they lov'd so much!
 Then fancy swells the picture on the sight,
 And softens every scene at every touch.

Sweet

Sweet as the mellow'd woods beneath the moon,
 Remembrance lends her soft uniting shades;
Some natural tears she drops, but wipes them soon,
 The world retires, and the dim prospect fades!

Airs of delight, that soothe the aching sense,
 Waters of health, that through yon caverns glide,
 O kindly yet your healing powers dispense,
 And bring back feeble life's exhausted tide!

Perhaps to these grey rocks and mazy springs
 Some heart may come, warm'd with the purest fire;
 For whom bright Fancy plumes her radiant wings,
 And warbling Muses wake the lonely lyre.

Some beauteous maid, deceiv'd in early youth,
 Pale o'er yon spring may hang in mute distress;
 Who dreamt of faith, of happiness, and truth,
 Of love—that virtue would protect and bless.

Some

Some musing youth in silence there may bend,
 Untimely stricken by sharp sorrow's dart;
 For friendship form'd, yet left without a friend,
 And bearing still the arrow at his heart.

Such was lamented RUSSEL's* hapless doom,
 The lost companion of my youth's gay prime;
 Ev'n so he sunk unwept into the tomb,
 And o'er his head clos'd the dark gulph of time!

Hither he came, a wan and weary guest,
 A softening balm for many a wound to crave;
 And woo'd the sunshine to his aching breast,
 Which now seems smiling on his verdant grave!

He heard the whispering winds that now I hear,
 As, boding much, along these hills he past;
 Yet ah! how mournful did they meet his ear
 On that sad morn he heard them for the last!

* The Rev. THOMAS RUSSEL, Fellow of New-College, Oxford, Author of some ingenious Poems, died at the Hotwells, 1788, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

So sinks the scene, like a departed dream,
 Since late we sojourn'd blythe in WYKEHAM's bow'rs, ||
 Or heard the merry bells by *Ifs'* stream,
 And thought our way was strew'd with fairy flow'rs!

Of those with whom we play'd upon the lawn
 Of early life, in the fresh morning, play'd,
 Alas! how many, since that vernal dawn,
 Like thee, poor RUSSEL, in the ground are laid.

As pleas'd awhile they wander'd hand in hand,
 Once led by friendship on the spring-tide plain,
 How oft did Fancy wake her transports bland,
 And on the lids the starting tear detain!

I yet survive, now musing other song
 Than that which early sooth'd my thoughtless years;
 Thinking how days and hours have pass'd along,
 Mark'd by much pleasure some, and some by tears!

|| Winchester College.

Thankful

Thankful, that to these verdant scenes I owe,
 That he* whom late I saw all-drooping pale,
 Rais'd from the couch of sickness and of woe,
 Now lives with me their mantling views to hail.

Thankful, that still the landscape beaming bright,
 Of pendent mountain, or of woodland grey,
 Can wake the wonted sense of pure delight,
 And charm awhile my solitary way!

Enough:--Through the high heavens the proud sun rides,
 My wand'ring steps their silent path pursue
 Back to the crouded world, where fortune guides;
 CLIFTON, to thy white rocks and woods Adieu!

1117119

* Mr. HOWLEY.

F I N I S.

Thanked that to the world I was
I had been at the time I had all things
But I was the owner of the world of
I was with the world of the world

I thought that I had the world of the world
Of the world of the world of the world
I was the world of the world of the world
And I was the world of the world of the world

Enough to the world of the world of the world
My world of the world of the world of the world
But to the world of the world of the world
I was the world of the world of the world

